

clothes That Have Substance

fabrics, skill in tailoring, achievement in design. These are the clothes brought you through the agency of this men's store.

W. suits in young men's models arrive almost daily \$25 to \$60.

W. suits, 68 King St.

other lot of trousers and shirts just received—10 each. Equally good skirt hangers.

and a tiger for the King, which

The Evening Programme.

There were such a large crowd of people in the evening. Long before 7 o'clock every bench was occupied and hundreds of people found space on the grass along the river. The St. Mary's Band under the leadership of Harold H. Williams led a programme on the King's stand commencing the same patriotic airs.

As nearly ten o'clock before it was dark enough to commence the display of fireworks. The display was most creditable and enjoyed by thousands present. There was no lack of rockets and bombs. On occasion a rocket fell short and landed in the grass and about the number of boys rushed to the stick the rocket exploded. Luckily no persons were injured. A youngster was so frightened he fainted and it was some minutes before he regained consciousness. A number of young ladies with their dresses buckled away in a hurry, set astrack a small white fence and were a loud laugh as the ladies tumbled into a flower bed.

There was a number of set pieces from the front of the old castle and as the maple leaf burned bright colors the band played "Maple Leaf for Ever," and there and applause, but the cheering and the band could not be heard playing the National Anthem. The first time from the castle the building and brought to an excellent programme. It was the most elaborate programme of fireworks that has ever been in St. John, but it will not live the committee an idea what and during the visit of the and the reception to the soldiers of New Brunswick next

DIED.

SON—in this city on July 19, the General Public Hospital, a short illness, Lydia, beloved of Charles Robinson, leaving her husband, two daughters and a son.

at Norton, this (Monday) noon on the arrival of the C. from St. John.

D. STREETER

AND

BILL BRECK

in a conspiracy

Make You Laugh

READ

Simple Letters

of a

Simple Fello"

IN

TODAY'S

STANDARD

By the Author of

"Dere Mable"

and "That's Me All

Over, Mable."

MAGAZINE FEATURES

Simple Letters of A Simple Fello

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DERE MABLE"

Dere Mable, This is the first letter I ever wrote you with a pen. It's kind of clumsy at first, I don't seem to be able to get into it like I could in a uniform. You can exercise as hard as you want to think of the cross. Thirty-three Mable all over, Mable.

It seems funny to be down here so far from Philpotts looking for a job. Suddenly when I spent the last, in years duckin em. I havnt seen Uncle Charlie about the job he was takin of, I wanted to get out of my uniform before anybody wanted me again. Im sorry if Im holdin up Mable.

I ran into Angus MacKenzie, the

got four times as many dry prunes. Angus said I neednt take another trip. He reminds him of one of those patent ways of putting yourself to sleep. It looked like a fine blains for a fello that was a nut on dry prunes and elvins tusk. He want. Personally he wanted to get into some blains where money came in somewhere. He said if I'd give him the address of the poor simp that best me the money in the first place that was enuff for him. Its awful hard to talk blains to a blotchman.

I wanted to get into some civil close before another war was started on the M. P. got. We want to one of these places you can go in like Sept.

crutches with every pair like coupons. After that we decided to buy just the things that the police make you wear. Nobody but a banker or a few Red centimen blains could afford a full outfit. It was just a question of what you could leave without being arrested. Angus said a fello going into blains ought to have a suit. Angus shows good judgement sometimes. I hate buyin suits tho, Mable. They stick you in one of those lookin glasses where you see parts of you havnt seen for years. I dont know anything that makes me feel bluer except crab meat.

Well, Mable, I guess you dont interest in goin thru my close. By hangin on to a few army things that didnt show me made out all right. The Top Sergeant himself wouldnt have known us. I hope for his sake we dont see him. I got awful panicky out in the street. Everthings so tight I feel as if I was walkin round in my underclothes. If you excuse my memmblin them.

Were not goin to see Uncle Charlie all tomorrow. If we run right into there it would look to Mable like we wanted the job bad. Angus was scared he might have a job for to of us. I guess he will because if he dont see Angus he cant have me. Angus says that isnt right. Now Im out of the army I got other people to think of besides myself. But I say only for a few others Uncle Charlie would be swappin sausage neckties instead of prunes in tusk. It made me sore when I thought it over. I said for to sentis I wouldnt work for Uncle Charlie at all the way he was actin. We decided wed go round an see Mable first. If we cant make good terms with him well give some other fello a chance. Reasonable. Thats me all over, Mable. Angus says the thing to do is to get on hidin for us like we was an awlshun sale.

Well, Mable, the next time I right Ill probably be on my way to China or Seattle or somewhere. I feel sorry for some of those fello back in Philpotts. I guess theyd be swamped down here. I hope you rather live over thru the hot weather all right. Its awful here. If a fello could make a fountain pen that flew as easy as I do hed make his fortune. He gettin to look like those pickledines of famine in Indian.

Very warmly yours,

BILL.

Our Daily Story

HELP WANTED.

It was a rough, rough sea, and she was the only bather daring enough to risk swimming beyond her depth. An admiring crowd stood on the beach and watched her, when suddenly she sank for the second time.

"H'm, that's funny!" exclaimed one of the watchers.

"I thought it was funny when she sank for the first time!" exclaimed two of the watchers.

Just then she went down for the third time, and all the watchers began to think it was funny.

"Help!" she cried. "Help me!" "I'll get her!" cried the three life guards. They argued about it a while and then tossed a coin, and it fell to the lot of Ambrose Hilly to go and rescue her. Fortunately he dipped one foot in the water to see how cold it was and plunged in. The big waves

between him and the shore and the little waves took a shot at him because they saw the big waves doing it.

She was going down for the second time when she fell high enough, he reached her.

"I'll help you," he gasped weakly. "I don't think it's any use," she said regretfully. "It was my favorite ring, too. I don't see how it ever slipped off my finger."

Recognizing from the pictures on the posters that she was Belle La Blanche, the diving mermaid from the Hippodrome, he asked her with tears in his eyes to please help him, and she did, and she was the plaudits of the still admiring crowd.

Be pitiful for every man is fighting a hard battle.—Ian McClaren.

Who brings sunshine into the life of every man is fighting in his own way.—David Starr Jordan.

THE SUMMER COLD

The summer cold is a blood relative of Nature's criminal masterpiece, the grip, but is not so full of enthusiasm and general visibility as the latter. People can have the grip every winter and after a while will be able to tell it from an ulcerated tooth without consulting the family doctor, but the summer cold will pass entire families by for several years, only to land on some loved member and cause him to resemble a head-over victim who has fallen heir to the pink eye.

The summer cold is caused by trifling with the laws of Nature in the matter of underwear. Why is it that a man will wear long, feverish underwear until the Fourth of July and then change suddenly to the light, airy, one-piece suit, only to run into nine days of weather that would make a bear freeze on a polar bear? If more wives would compel their husbands to wear thick, heavy-lined underclothes the year around we would not have so many employees laying off during the dog days with a nose like the headlight of a motor car. Nobody ever heard of a Zulu Islander taking cold in August because of wearing too little underwear, which proves that we have a lot to learn from the unlettered and ring-necked heathen.

The summer cold starts with a series of low, premonitory sneezes which sound like a rattling kindling with the knee cap. The summer sneeze is a deceptive article and ebbs and flows with great rapidity. That we have a lot to learn from the unlettered and ring-necked heathen for several hours and make the owner believe that the last genuine capsule has hit the target, then will suddenly begin to expand in a high-pitched staccato, interrupting an important telephone conversation and causing

Just Folks

A GOLFER'S WISH.

I have no wish to dress in silk. I do not care to wear a crown. I do not yearn to bathe in milk. Or champagne wash my dinner down.

I have no great desire to be a man of much importance, here, and have the public welcome me with bands of brass when I appear.

And should a fairy kind and good Grant me one favor, without price, I'd make his golfer's prayer, I would: "Oh kindly rid me of my elbow!"

I am not one intent on fame. I do not care to lead the throng. Though strangers never hear my name.

Contentedly I'll plod along. Enough to eat, enough to wear, And strength to do my daily task, With now and then a chance to fare

On pleasant ways, is all I ask. But should a fairy come to me, And say: "What joy will you endure?"

I'll grant, one wish. What shall it be? I'd answer "Rid me of my elbow!"

You that have never swung a club And drawn the face across the ball And muttered to yourself: "You dub!"

As in a curve you watched it fall, May never guess the raps that less Within the shortened arc of flight, Nor how man curse the ball that flies With loss of distance to the flag; But every golfer should know

Why gold and fame I'd sacrifice If but some fairy, good, would show Me how to drive without a elbow!

ST. JOHN'S GREATEST

MERCANTILE EVENT.

Final Week to Take Advantage of this

Splendid Opportunity. The greatest mercantile event in the City of St. John during the month of July, which is now conceded to be Oak Hall's Annual Mid-Summer Sale, is now on its final week, coming to a close Saturday at one o'clock.

Many people wonder now it is that Oak Hall can offer such exceptionally fine values during their big sales, and as other times, too—the answer is very simple. Rather than sit back and wait for travellers to come around with their regular lines of merchandise at stand prices and buy spruce handbills at a time from each manufacturer, Oak Hall make it a point to have the buyers of the different departments make periodical visits to the big manufacturing centres, such as Montreal and New York. These buyers go into a factory, find what they want and buy up complete lines, paying cash on the spot. Thus Oak Hall gets the benefit of the very lowest possible price—for buying large quantities and paying cash.

In this way Oak Hall gets many price concessions, and this combined with their motto of large volume at minimum profit, whereby they mark their goods at the very lowest of prices, is the simple explanation of why Oak Hall is able to offer such unusual values, more particularly during their big July sales.

Friday will be the last full day of St. John's Greatest Mercantile Event, and so those who have not as yet taken advantage of it cannot afford to delay much longer.

SHEDIAC

The very large circle of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Comeau were sorry to learn that their son, Edmond, late of overseas, and who had under treatment in a military hospital at Fredericton, had been the victim this week of an automobile accident. The young man was convalescent, and he and a number of other soldiers were in an auto when a collision took place, resulting in injuries to the party, and Mr. Comeau's left arm sustained injury. The latest news is that he is doing as well as can be expected, and his medical attendants anticipate nothing of a serious nature.

Mrs. Avid White, in honor of her guest, Miss Oakes, of Montreal, and other visitors in town, is entertaining at a card and dancing party, at her cottage, "Sandhurst," this (Wednesday) evening.

Moncton Paper Says Standard Is Right

Standard's Advice to St. John to Clean up Should be Acted on—Doing City Fathers Good Service in Prodding Them Into Action.

(Moncton Transcript.)

St. John is having an inward searching, and apparently The Standard and its grave doubts as to the city's fitness to receive the Prince of Wales. It wants the city to clean up and it talks about the scrap metal dump and the dirt and the squalor which surround the union depot and the other gateways of the city. It appears, according to The St. John Standard, that all these obnoxious sights will be practically thrust into the face of His Royal Highness. The Standard is very dissatisfied with St. John and no wonder. It proceeds to say:

"Moncton and other cities leave a pleasant impression on the casual traveller, even if he does not stop off and visit the place, for they have endeavored to make the railway depot a thing of beauty and to keep the surroundings in harmony with the good impression they wish to make."

The above is true and while by all means let The Standard's advice to St. John to clean up be acted upon, yet the fact it brings out should suggest to the provincial government au-

thorities that they use their good offices to bring the Prince of Wales up to Moncton to see the beauties which Gervessely impress The Standard man so much. The city fathers in St. John may not like it, but The Standard is doing them a good service in prodding them into action, but it is too late now for St. John to get ready and by all means bring the Prince of Wales to Moncton, and we will give him a reception which will be worthy of New Brunswick's most progressive city.

DISABLED VETERANS

EAGER FOR TRAINING

Efforts of the Government Meet With Enthusiastic Response from Wounded Men.

Washington, July 17.—Disabled soldiers retraining with the Federal Board for Vocational Education believe in passing along the good thing of the first to go to France, came back with a shrapnel wound in his side, and has pluck enough left to undertake a course in mechanical drafting. He is as pleased with the change in his future outlook that he wants other wounded boys to know and writes:

"I hope some one will take the trouble to tell them. Tell the people for me that those boys ought to know about it, ought to have a chance to learn."

Another boy, in speaking of his

QUALITY

in a sauce is hard to explain. But you will know as soon as you taste it the reason why world-wide preference is given to

LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The best goes furthest.

training, says: "Without this chance I would be up against it."

The government stands ready to point every disabled soldier in the country to a better job, and those who are availing themselves of the opportunity are proving that their aim to make good. The soldiers' approval proves that the scheme is sound.

Any soldier who wants to know more particulars of the plan may write to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, 90 New Jersey Ave., Washington.

Do not see another day with nothing, bleeding, or protesting. The surgical specialist requires

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. See a box at

doctors, or Edmondson, Hales & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this

paper and enclose 10c stamp to pay postage.



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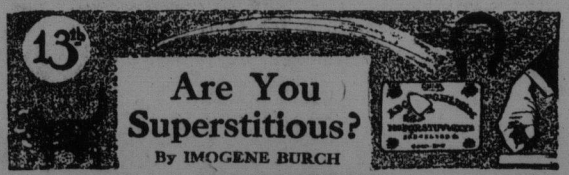
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(1919, 101)



Are You Superstitious?

By IMOGENE BURCH

KNOCKING ON WOOD

Almost every person seems to be given to superstition in some form or other. In a recent investigation among the students of the University of Oregon, a professor discovered that out of 600 students, about half that number admitted that they still allowed superstition to influence their conduct. Of these nearly two-thirds were women!

With some of us, superstition has taken the form of a deep-seated belief that if we do not perform some certain ceremony evil will be sure to result. Others of us say to ourselves, "It may do no good, but it can do no harm," and so to be on the safe side, we carry a rabbit's foot in our pocket, wish over our right shoulder when we see a new moon, cross our fingers to avoid bad luck, or wear a four-leaf clover tucked away in our shoe.

One of the most prevalent customs indulged in by men of science as well as by illiterate men, is knocking on wood. Its origin is often disputed. Some attribute it to the religious rite of touching a crucifix when taking an oath, and others to beads of a rosary touched in prayer. Ignorant people of Europe used to knock loudly to

ward off evil spirits. Its introduction into this country seems to have become well-nigh universal; even a president of the United States is accused of resorting to it.

To brag about good health, or success, according to the general belief, invites the envy of the powers of evil, and to counteract this one must either touch wood, or as some authorities claim, knock on wood three times.

Charms of wood are often worn on watch chains so that the wearer may have an article handy for the purpose. From this practice other superstitions have arisen. A well-known Wall Street financier always plays with his massive gold watch, in the belief that the touch of gold will insure success.

The story is told of Sir Walter Scott, who, when a student at college, used to fumble with a wooden button attached to his coat, which he seemed to think brought him success in his recitations. One day his fellow students secretly cut off this talisman, and he became so flustered, on discovering its absence, that he failed completely in his recitations and had to be sent to the foot of his class.

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